GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

STILL ONLY 12c

ROD SERLING

10016-411
NOVEMBER

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An artist's paintings witness a murder and he tries to discover their secret in them!

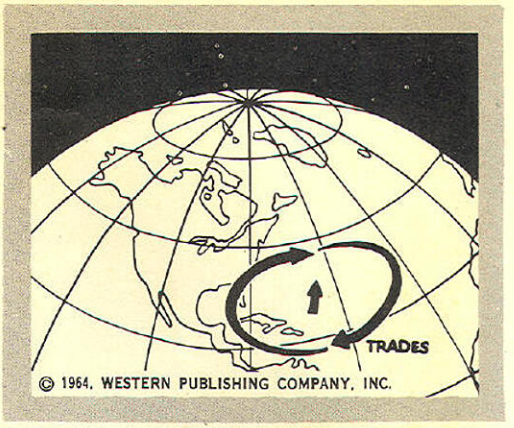
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

OUR CHANGING WEATHER

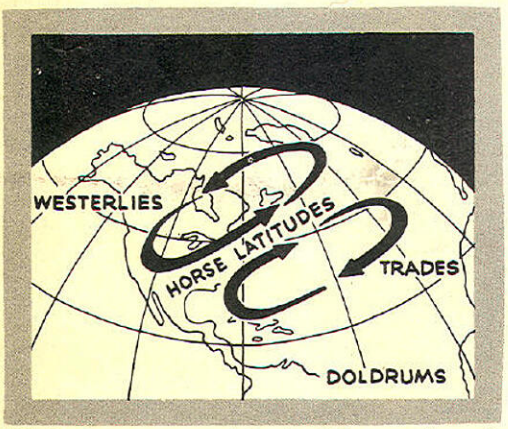
NUMBER 4

WINDS

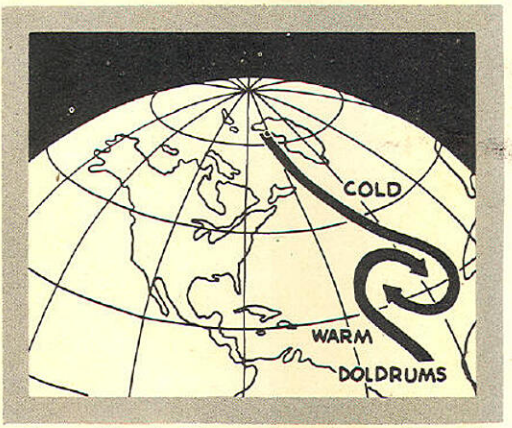
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



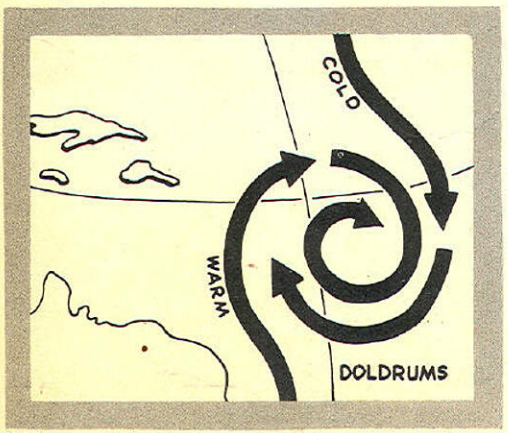
Warmed air, rising from the equator, pulls in cooler air from both north and south of it—thus creating the reliable trade winds.



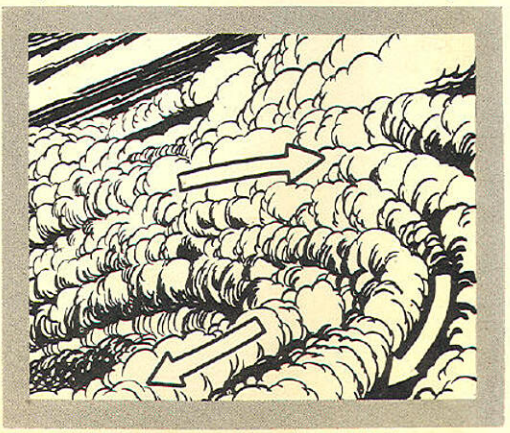
High, hot, equatorial air falls northward and southward as it cools, creating the nearly windless "doldrums," in mid-ocean.



When cold wind from the poles and hot air from the equator do meet in the doldrums, they start to move in a clockwise spin.



Like enemies in a clinch, the cold and hot air masses go "'round and 'round," faster and faster! They also move across the sea.



The full hurricane is a fast-whirling mass of thick clouds and wind, revolving around a calm "eye." Winds can whirl 150 mph.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

The STREET where EVIL DWELT

YEAR AFTER YEAR, THE ROGUES LANGUISHED IN THEIR DAMASCUS "PRISON WITHOUT BARS." THEY COULD WALK FREE ANY MOMENT THEY WISHED -- WERE IT NOT FOR THE BIZARRE DESTINY THAT DIRECTED THEY SPEND THE REST OF THEIR EVIL LIVES ... IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
ADAM! ADAM GORE!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T ASIA'S KING CUTTHROAT, AKIM KALLA!! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU'RE HIDING OUT!
Y-YOU HAVE SEEN HER TOO, GORE -- THAT IS WHY YOU ARE IN DAMASCUS?

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

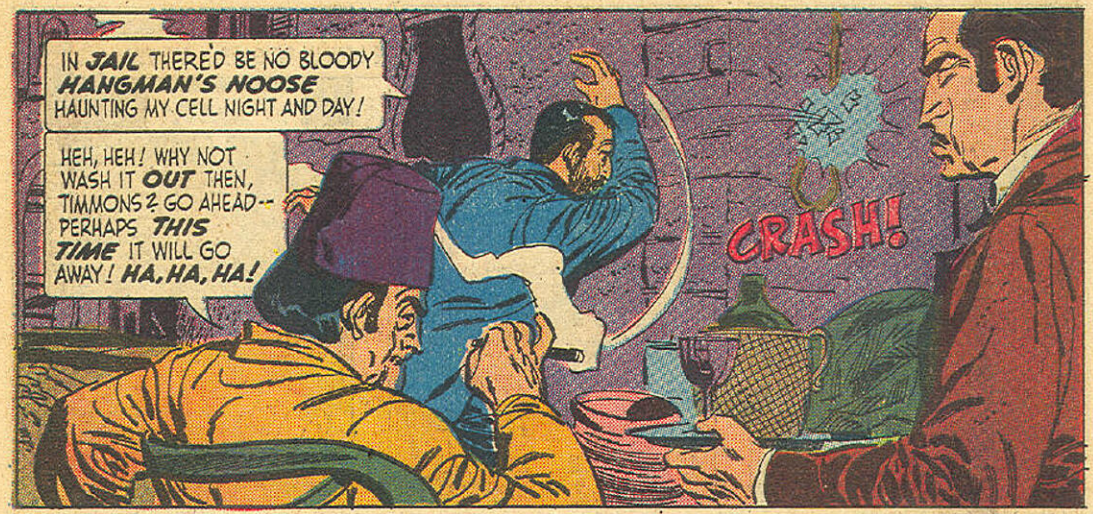
COME OUT, HE SAYS! HA! HA! I WILL NOT COME OUT, GORE -- BUT BY THE BEARD OF GENGHIS KHAN YOU WILL BE COMING IN ONE DAY! HA, HA, HA!
THE OLD ROGUE'S MAD AS A MARCH HARE...

BYE, BYE, AKIM--I'LL SEND YOU CIGAR MONEY OUT OF MY NEXT JOB! HA, HA! IT'S A CINCH YOU'VE SWINDLED YOUR LAST RUPEE!

AND AS THE ROGUE PRINCE OF ASIA TURNS TOWARD HIS COMPANIONS IN THE "CASBAH" QUARTER OF DAMASCUS...
THAT WAS GORE, THE AMERICAN THIEF? -- BUT "SHE" DIDN'T GET THE BLIGHTER?
NOT YET, TIMMONS... NOT YET!

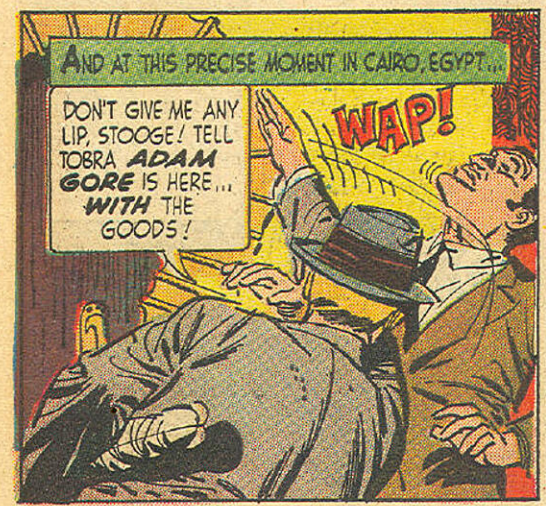
HEH, HEH! HE THINKS ME MAD... AS INDEED WE ALL ARE!
BUT AS SURELY AS THE DAMASCUS DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT, GORE, THE CUNNING, CLEVER ADAM GORE, IS ALSO MARKED FOR THAT ACCURSED GALLOWS HERE!

SLOWLY, THE MYSTERIOUS SYRIAN TWILIGHT DEEPENS INTO DARKNESS OVER THE LONELY ROGUES... UNTIL...
YI-YIKES!
SHADES OF MY DAMASCUS SWORD-- TIMMONS IS HAVING ANOTHER HALLUCINATION! DOWN HIM, PEPE!
BLIMEY! LET ME GO! SHE IS OUT THERE, I TELL YOU-- BECKONING TO ME!
EASY, LONDON LADDIE! STEP OUTSIDE THAT ARCH AND YOUR MUTTON IS COOKED!
I... MUST GET OUT-- TH-THIS BLOOMING PLACE IS EATING ME UP ALIVE, IT IS!
SO? YOU WOULD PREFER A COLD CELL AND PRISON FOOD, EH? YOU TALK MORE STUPID THAN YOU LOOK, TIMMONS!

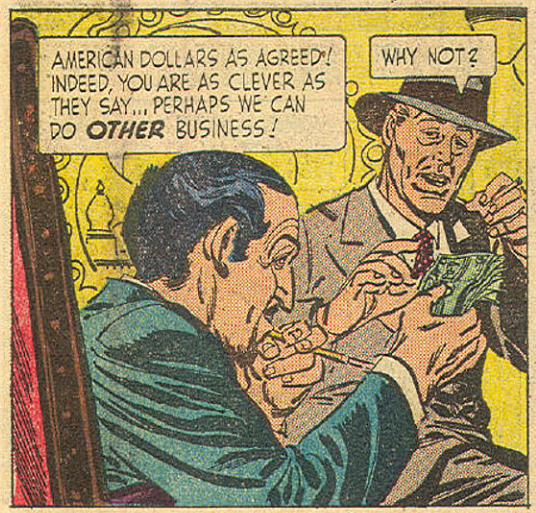

IN JAIL THERE'D BE NO BLOODY HANGMAN'S NOOSE HAUNTING MY CELL NIGHT AND DAY!
HEH, HEH! WHY NOT WASH IT OUT THEN, TIMMONS? GO AHEAD--PERHAPS THIS TIME IT WILL GO AWAY! HA, HA, HA!
CRASH!

NOW HARK WELL, YE LITTLE SOHO RODENT--ALL OUR NECKS ARE AT STAKE WHEN YOU MAKE A GALLOP OUT THAT ARCHWAY...

WHATEVER OUR FATE HERE BE, TIS BETTER THAN WHAT'S AWAITING US OUT THERE! STAY PUT!
WAP!

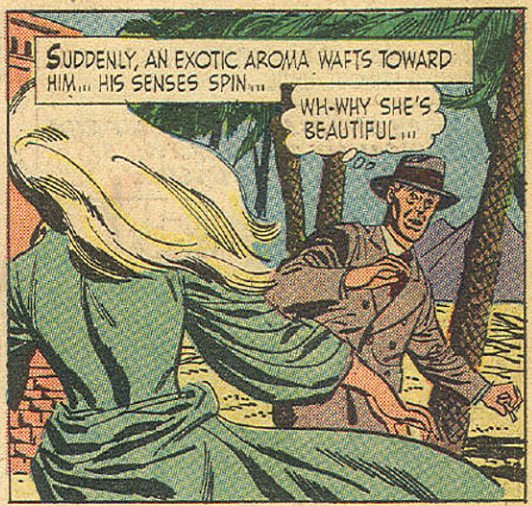

AND AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT IN CAIRO, EGYPT...
DON'T GIVE ME ANY LIP, STOOGE! TELL TOBRA ADAM GORE IS HERE... WITH THE GOODS!
WAP!

SHORTLY... AH, THE FAMED JEWELED SWORD OF DAMASCUS--THE FINEST STEEL ON EARTH! YOU HAVE DONE WELL, GORE!
AND THE GEMS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE, TOBRA--JUST PAY ME OFF!


AMERICAN DOLLARS AS AGREED! INDEED, YOU ARE AS CLEVER AS THEY SAY... PERHAPS WE CAN DO OTHER BUSINESS!
WHY NOT?

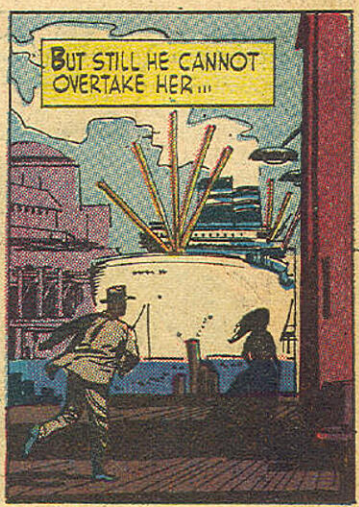
AFTER I ENJOY MYSELF FOR A FEW DAYS, WE'LL SEE WHAT BUSINESS WE CAN DO AT THE CAIRO MUSEUM, TOBRA!

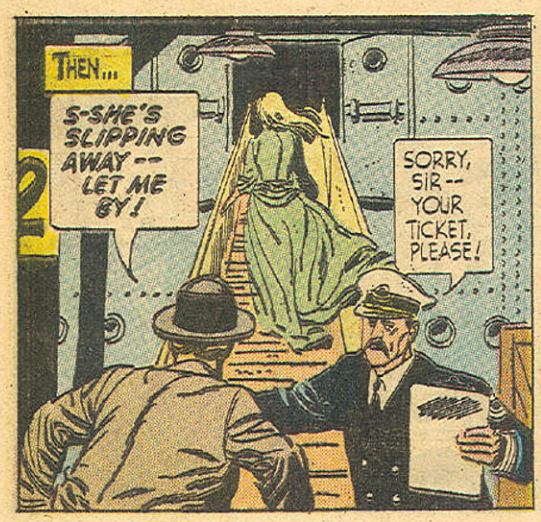
ADAM GORE WALKS DOWN THE STREETS OF COLORFUL CAIRO, HIS POCKETS FAT WITH CASH...
I'LL HAVE ME A LITTLE EXCITEMENT...THEN DRUM UP SOME MORE FAST CASH BEFORE I HEAD BACK TO THE STATES...

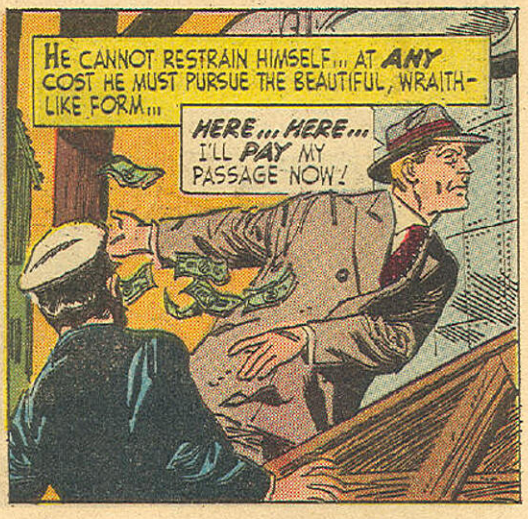

SUDDENLY, AN EXOTIC AROMA WAFTS TOWARD HIM... HIS SENSES SPIN...
WH-WHY SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...

LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, GORE FOLLOWS THE SHADOWY FIGURE...
BEAUTIFUL!

HE WALKS FASTER... FASTER...
WAIT... WAIT...


BUT STILL HE CANNOT OVERTAKE HER...

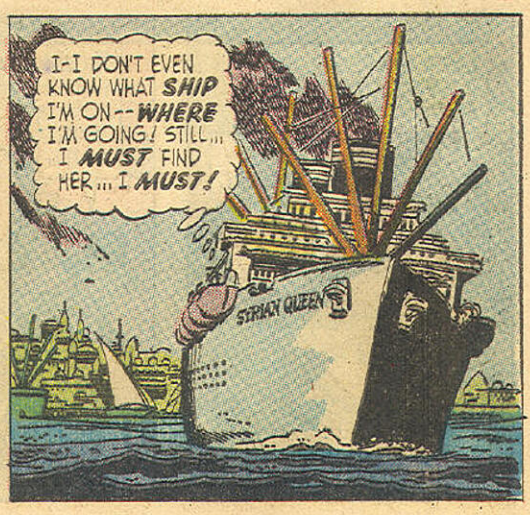

THEN...
S-SHE'S SLIPPING AWAY -- LET ME BY!
SORRY, SIR -- YOUR TICKET, PLEASE!


HE CANNOT RESTRAIN HIMSELF... AT ANY COST HE MUST PURSUE THE BEAUTIFUL, WRAITH-LIKE FORM...
HERE... HERE... I'LL PAY MY PASSAGE NOW!

ONCE ABOARD, HE ROAMS FROM DECK TO DECK SEEKING HER OUT, UNTIL...
THERE SHE IS! WAIT... DON'T RUN AWAY! WAIT FOR ME! I MUST KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

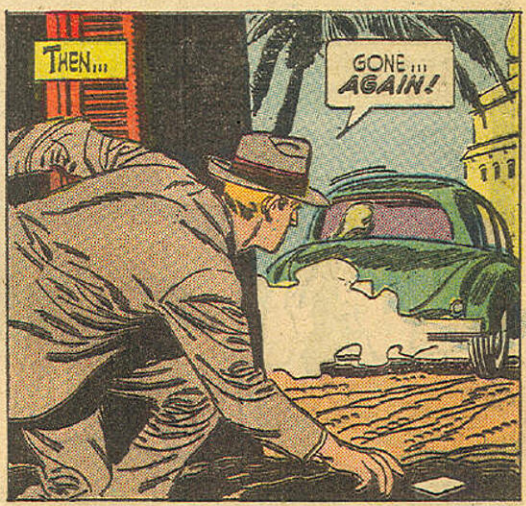
AND AS HE RUSHES IN PURSUIT...
THE YOUNG LADY WHO JUST TURNED BY HERE -- WHERE DID SHE GO? TELL ME QUICKLY!
SORRY, FELLA -- NOBODY PASSED US AND WE'VE BEEN STANDING RIGHT HERE!

G-GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, GORE -- NOBODY'S EVER GOTTEN UNDER YOUR SKIN LIKE THIS BEFORE!
S-SHE HAD TO BE HERE -- I-I CAN STILL SMELL HER PERFUME...

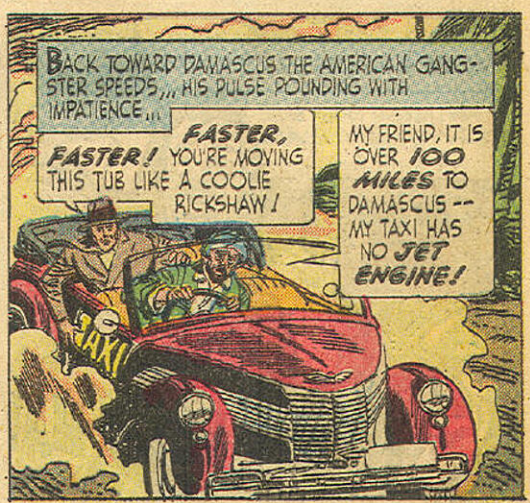

I-I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHIP I'M ON -- WHERE I'M GOING! STILL... I MUST FIND HER... I MUST!
SYRIAN QUEEN

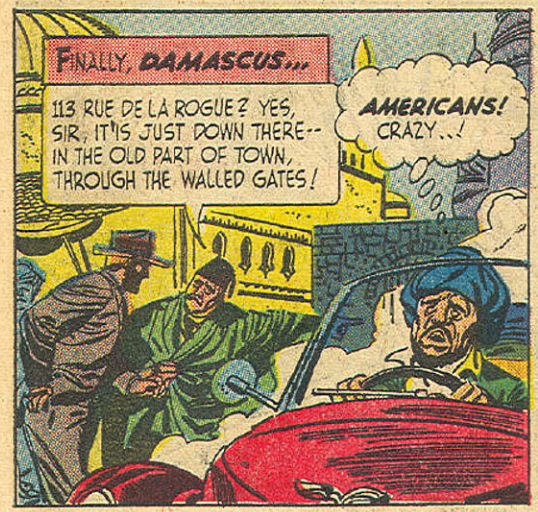
AT BEIRUT, THE "SYRIAN QUEEN" DOCKS... AGAIN THE MYSTIC BEAUTY APPEARS...
IT'S HER! WAIT!
YOU HAD BEST RESIST HER, GORE!

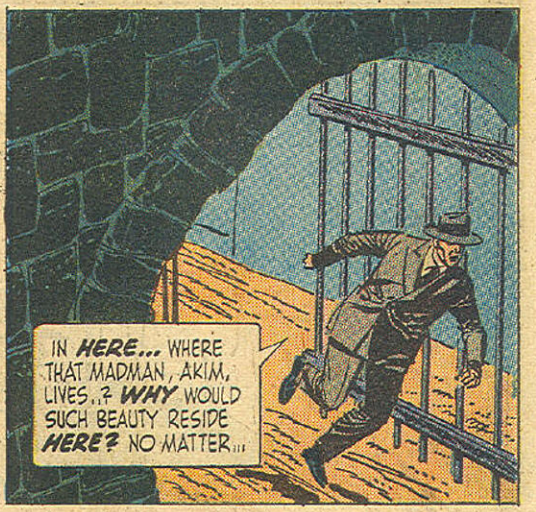
THROUGH CHURNING ASIAN STREETS THE LOVELY, PHANTOM-LIKE FIGURE IS CHASED... UNTIL, AT LAST, A CLUE...
S-SHE'S DROPPED SOMETHING...!


THEN...
GONE... AGAIN!

WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, ADAM GORE HOLDS UP THE CARD... HIS SENSES REEL...
SOJA -- HER NAME IS SOJA AND SHE LIVES IN DAMASCUS! WHY... WHY DIDN'T I MEET HER WHEN I WAS THERE?
Soja
113 Rue de la Rogue
Damascus


BACK TOWARD DAMASCUS THE AMERICAN GANGSTER SPEEDS... HIS PULSE POUNDING WITH IMPATIENCE...
FASTER, FASTER! YOU'RE MOVING THIS TUB LIKE A COOLIE RICKSHAW!
MY FRIEND, IT IS OVER 100 MILES TO DAMASCUS -- MY TAXI HAS NO JET ENGINE!
TAXI

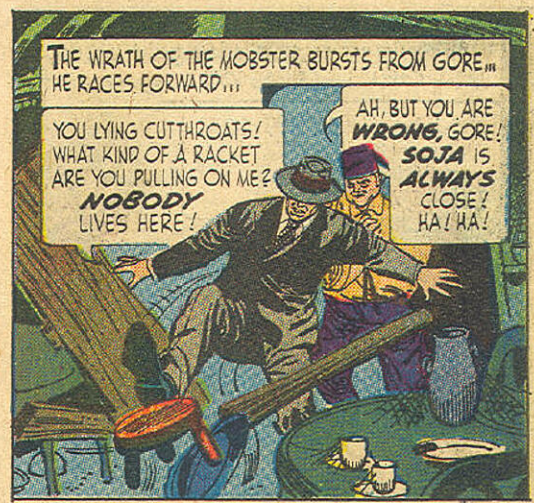

FINALLY, DAMASCUS...
113 RUE DE LA ROGUE? YES, SIR, IT IS JUST DOWN THERE-- IN THE OLD PART OF TOWN, THROUGH THE WALLED GATES!
AMERICANS! CRAZY..!

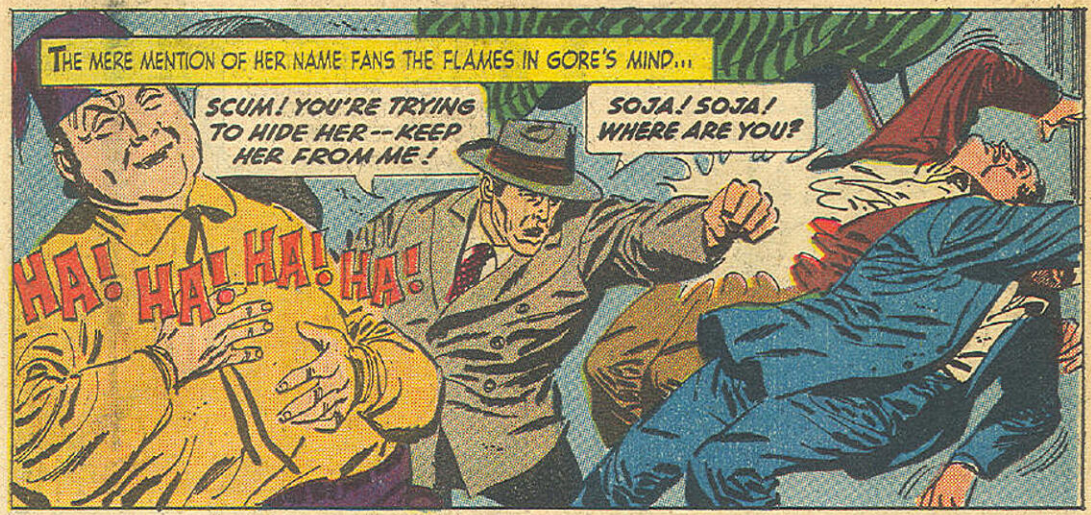

IN HERE... WHERE THAT MADMAN, AKIM, LIVES..? WHY WOULD SUCH BEAUTY RESIDE HERE? NO MATTER...

AND IT IS THEN THAT ADAM GORE RECEIVES A "ROGUES WELCOME..."
HA! HA! AT LONG LAST THE GREAT ADAM GORE ARRIVES! WELCOME, FRIEND! WELCOME!
EH..! YOU...

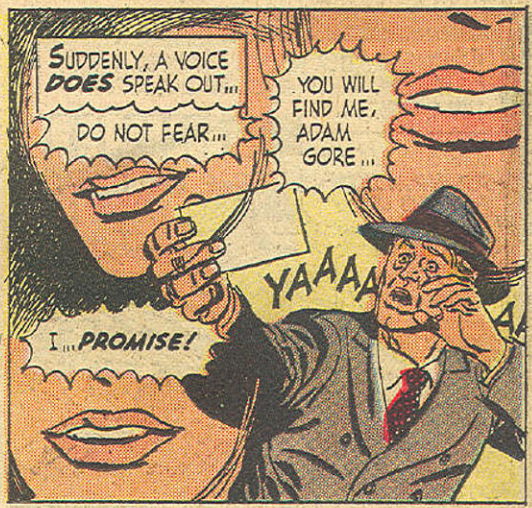
CUT THE SMIRKING, YOU TWO-BIT CON MEN! TELL ME WHERE THIS ADDRESS IS, 113 RUE DE LA ROGUE!
CERTAINLY... CERTAINLY!

HERE IS THE ADDRESS YOU SEEK!
HEE! HEE! IT IS THE SAME RUDDY ADDRESS WE ALL CAME TO!
113 RUE DE LA ROGUE
HAW! HAW! HA


THE WRATH OF THE MOBSTER BURSTS FROM GORE... HE RACES FORWARD...
YOU LYING CUTTHROATS! WHAT KIND OF A RACKET ARE YOU PULLING ON ME? NOBODY LIVES HERE!
AH, BUT YOU ARE WRONG, GORE! SOJA IS ALWAYS CLOSE! HA! HA!


THE MERE MENTION OF HER NAME FANS THE FLAMES IN GORE'S MIND...
SCUM! YOU'RE TRYING TO HIDE HER--KEEP HER FROM ME!
SOJA! SOJA! WHERE ARE YOU?
HA! HA! HA! HA!

EACH BUILDING BECOMES SUSPECT TO THE CRAZED MAN! SHE MUST BE HIDING... BUT WHERE?
DON'T TORMENT ME, SOJA! TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE! SPEAK TO ME!


SUDDENLY, A VOICE DOES SPEAK OUT...
DO NOT FEAR...
YOU WILL FIND ME, ADAM GORE...
YAAAA
I...PROMISE!

I-I'M LOSING MY MIND... S-SHE TALKED TO ME... FROM HER CARD...
AH, SO? THE WENCH HAS A NEW TRICK FOR US MOST EVERY MONTH! BUT, OF COURSE, THERE IS NOTHING THERE NOW!

I... MUST GET OUT OF HERE... SEEK MEDICAL HELP...
OH, NO, NO, NO, GORE... THAT IS PART OF THE GAME SHE PLAYS! YOU CANNOT LEAVE!

ARE YOU GETTING TOUCH WITH ME, AKIM?
TUT, TUT, GORE! THERE ARE THINGS YOU MUST KNOW! TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED TO BRACKETT, TIMMONS!

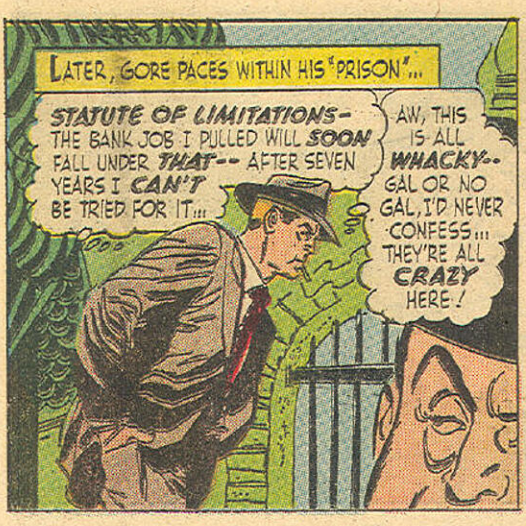
WELL, GORE, BRACKETT WAS LIKE YOU--REAL ANXIOUS TO GET OUT, YOU KNOW! WE TRIED TO WARN HIM...

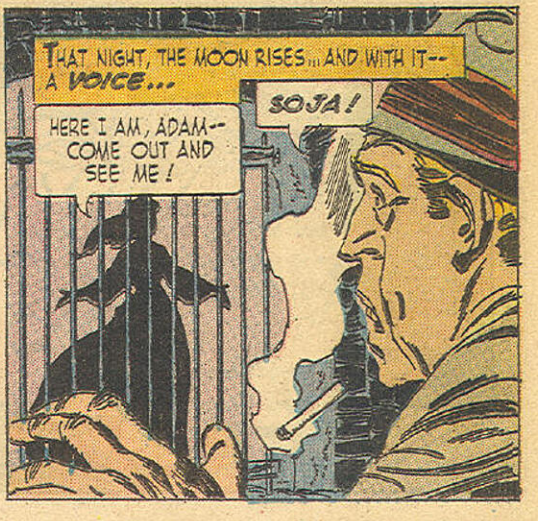
"BUT THE BLIGHTER WOULDN'T HARK TO A WORD OF IT... ONE NIGHT HE BOLTED LIKE A DEER FOR THE GATE..."
SHE'S CALLING TO ME... I'VE GOT TO GO!
STOP, BRACKETT!

"HE MADE IT OUT THE ARCHWAY RIGHT FINE, HE DID--THEN..."
ARREST ME! LOCK ME UP! I'M A CRIMINAL... A CROOK! I'VE ROBBED BANKS, STORES... MARKETS! THEY WANT ME IN FOUR COUNTRIES!

YOU SEE, GORE, THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS WAS ALMOST UP ON BRACKETT'S FIRST BIG CRIME YEARS BACK! HEH! HEH! THAT IS WHY "SHE" LURED HIM HERE!
THEN, IF HE HAD WAITED... THEY COULDN'T HAVE ARRESTED HIM!

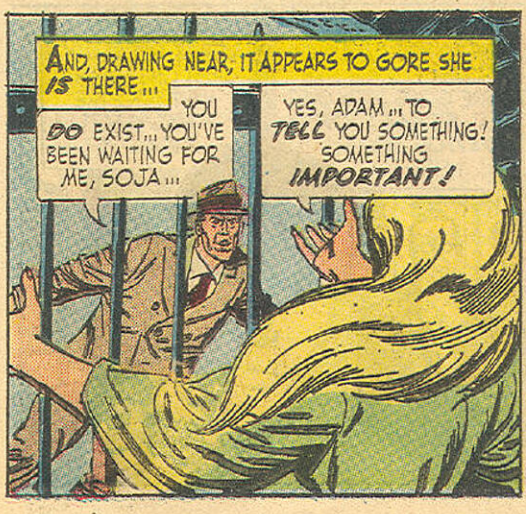
CERTAINLY NOT! THEY DID NOT KNOW OF THE OTHER CRIMES! HAD HE NOT CONFESSED, POOF, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN FREE!


LATER, GORE PACES WITHIN HIS "PRISON"...
STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS— THE BANK JOB I PULLED WILL SOON FALL UNDER THAT— AFTER SEVEN YEARS I CAN'T BE TRIED FOR IT...
AW, THIS IS ALL WHACKY— GAL OR NO GAL, I'D NEVER CONFESS... THEY'RE ALL CRAZY HERE!

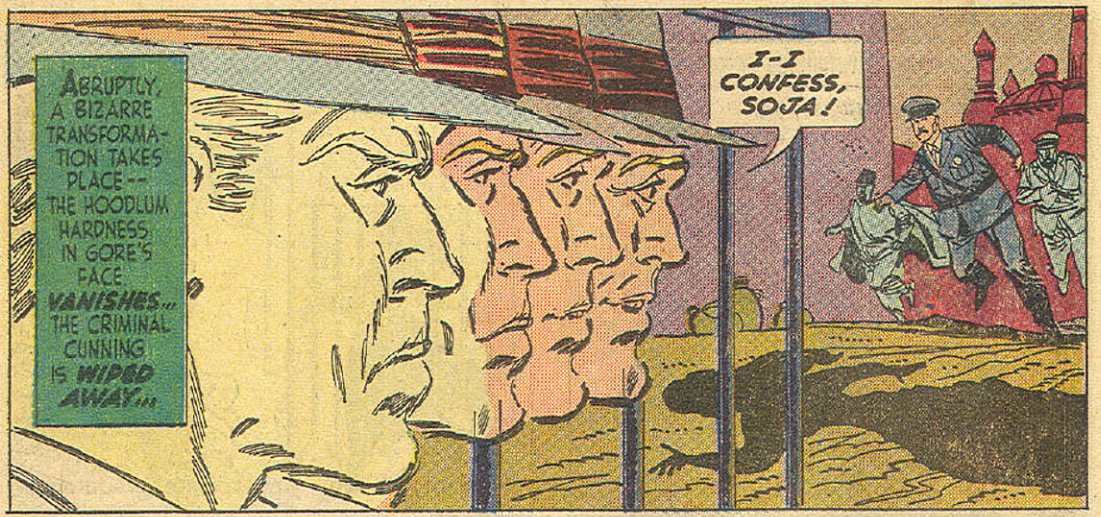

THAT NIGHT, THE MOON RISES... AND WITH IT— A VOICE...
HERE I AM, ADAM— COME OUT AND SEE ME!
SOJA!

IT IS A HALLUCINATION, LIKE WE TOLD YOU, GORE— THERE IS NO ONE OUT THERE!
NO, SHE'S REAL! LET ME GO!

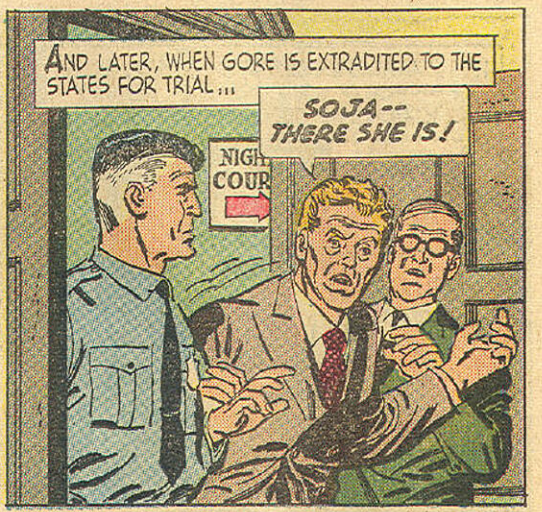
HE CANNOT BE RESTRAINED...
I'M COMING, SOJA— I'M COMING!

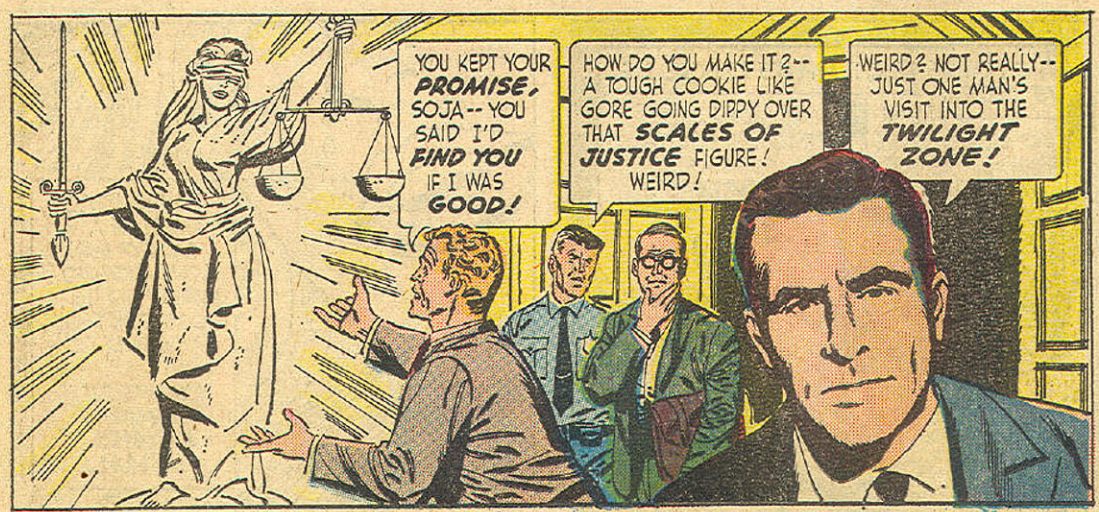

AND, DRAWING NEAR, IT APPEARS TO GORE SHE IS THERE...
YOU DO EXIST... YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ME, SOJA...
YES, ADAM... TO TELL YOU SOMETHING! SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

TO FIND ME, YOU MUST BE A GOOD MAN, ADAM... YOU DO WANT TO BE GOOD, DON'T YOU? YOU MUST DO AS I SAY— CONFESS YOUR CRIMES, ADAM!

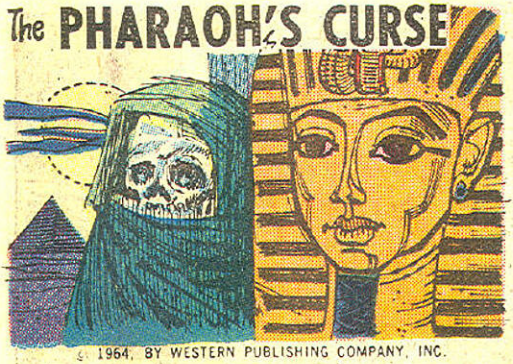

ABRUPTLY, A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE -- THE HOODLUM HARDNESS IN GORE'S FACE VANISHES... THE CRIMINAL CUNNING IS WIPED AWAY...
I-I CONFESS, SOJA!

IT WAS I, ADAM GORE, WHO ROBBED THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DETROIT SEVEN YEARS AGO! COME CLOSER, ALL OF YOU, I WISH TO CONFESS MY CRIMES!


AND LATER, WHEN GORE IS EXTRADITED TO THE STATES FOR TRIAL...
SOJA -- THERE SHE IS!


YOU KEPT YOUR PROMISE, SOJA -- YOU SAID I'D FIND YOU IF I WAS GOOD!
HOW DO YOU MAKE IT? -- A TOUGH COOKIE LIKE GORE GOING DIPPY OVER THAT SCALES OF JUSTICE FIGURE! WEIRD!
WEIRD? NOT REALLY -- JUST ONE MAN'S VISIT INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

The PHARAOH'S CURSE



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Let us turn back the clock forty-two years. It is 1922 and we are at the foot of a cliff in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. Ahead of us is a door that has been sealed for 3300 years —and behind that door is the incredibly treasured tomb of Egypt's boy Pharaoh, Tutankhamen. But before we enter there is one thing you must know; within seven years twelve men who played a role in the excavation of King Tut's tomb would die.

Do you still want to open the door?

Of course you do. The legend of the curse of King Tut's tomb is merely a myth; created by a bizarre series of circumstances that might never happen again. But the wonders of the boy Pharaoh's fantastic tomb, are real indeed.

Archeologist Howard Carter spent thirty years seeking to unveil the secrets therein. And it was he who was the first to peer inside the hole he had crumbled out of the plaster and see the "most wondrous sights on earth."

In a pink chamber 26 feet by 12 feet his eyes fell upon three gold-covered couches; a golden throne flashing with colored stones; gold beds; overturned golden chariots and two gold-kilted life-size statues that stood as sentinels guarding still another sealed door. There were heaps of clothing, weapons and cosmetic kits . . . a time capsule of life in Egypt over three thousand years before.

In all, there were four rooms comprising the tomb. Evidence from loose jewelry found on the floor, showed that, somehow, thieves had broken into the first two chambers. But it was obvious they had been surprised before they could complete their looting. The thieves had been apprehended and the tomb resealed. But the fantastic burial chamber itself had not been tampered with. Inside were four gold shrines and a group of three coffins. The inner one was of *solid gold* and held King Tut, the 18-year-old boy king of Egypt.

So incredible were the treasures of the tomb that a famed American Egyptologist stated: "This is the greatest discovery of any kind ever recorded in any land in archeological history."

And indeed it was. It took the experts ten years to merely record the treasure and place it in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo.

Ironically, Tut, as a Pharaoh, was of little significance. He was a mere eighteen years of age and had reigned for but ten years. But the legends that surrounded him reached such proportions that he out-shines even Rameses the Great in this respect.

The greatest legend, of course, was the *Curse of the Pharaoh*. This myth was launched when newspaper stories stated an inscription in Tut's tomb read that *death would come on swift wings to anyone who touched the tomb*. Just five months later Lord Carnarvon, who was Carter's associate and had entered the tomb with him, died suddenly. Rumors raced round the world that Carnarvon had been the *first* victim of the curse.

Carter denied the story strongly. But when in the ensuing years 12 more men involved in the opening of the tomb died, the legend persisted.

For sixteen years after the opening of the tomb, until the day he himself died, Carter protested the legendary curse that had beclouded his find. But to this very day you will find those in far-off corners of the world who think differently.

"DOOMSDAY!" THIS OMINOUS WORD HAS PLAGUED MANKIND FROM HIS PRE-HISTORIC CAVE DWELLINGS TO PRESENT DAY! IN ANCIENT EGYPT THE SEERS PROPHESIED THE MIGHTY NILE WOULD SUDDENLY OVERFLOW HER BANKS -- A PRELUDE TO THE END OF EARTH! AND THIS WAS BUT ONE OF THE MANY MYTHICAL CATACLYSMS THAT HISTORY WAS TO RECORD AS...

the DOOM DAYS

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IT IS HAPPENING -- AS THE SOOTHSAYERS PREDICTED! THE GREAT RIVER IS UPON US -- THE END OF OUR WORLD IS AT HAND!

BUT HAD SUCH A PROPHESY COME TRUE, THERE WERE THOSE IN EGYPT DETERMINED NOT TO FLEE! AND FOR A STRANGE REASON..

FEAR NOT! FOR THOUGH THE WORLD IS DOOMED, IT IS WRITTEN THAT WE WILL RETURN!

YES, PHEDES -- IN THREE THOUSAND YEARS WHEN THE EARTH IS ONCE AGAIN!

AND DURING THIS GREAT LENGTH OF TIME THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS BELIEVED THEY WOULD INHABIT THE HEAVENS AS STRANGE BEASTS...

THE ANCIENT BABYLONIANS WERE ALSO SUPERSTITIOUS -- BELIEVING EVERY NATURAL PHENOMENON TO BE A SIGN OF DOOM...

LOOK AT THE SUN'S BRILLIANCE! IT IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE AND DESTROY US ALL!

THE GREAT OCEAN ERUPTS! IT IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END...

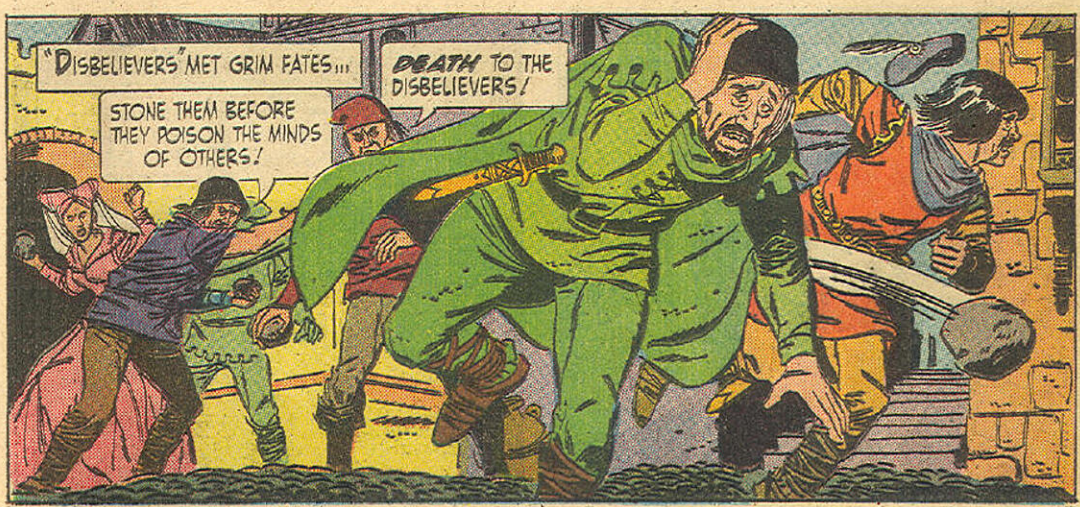
LOOK! THE MOON VANISHES! AND WITHIN MINUTES SO WILL OUR EARTH!

ONE PROPHESY OF A "DOOM" DAY HELD THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE IN FEAR FOR YEARS...
IT IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS -- FIVE YEARS HENCE A GREAT CATACLYSM WILL OCCUR AND ALL WILL PERISH!
OUR GREATEST SOOTHSAYER HAS SPOKEN! CIVILIZATION IS DOOMED!

AND AS WORD OF THE OMINOUS PROPHESY SPREAD.. SO DID CRIME...
ROGUES! YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS!
HO! IT MATTERS LITTLE -- WE SHALL ALL BE DEAD IN FIVE YEARS TIME!

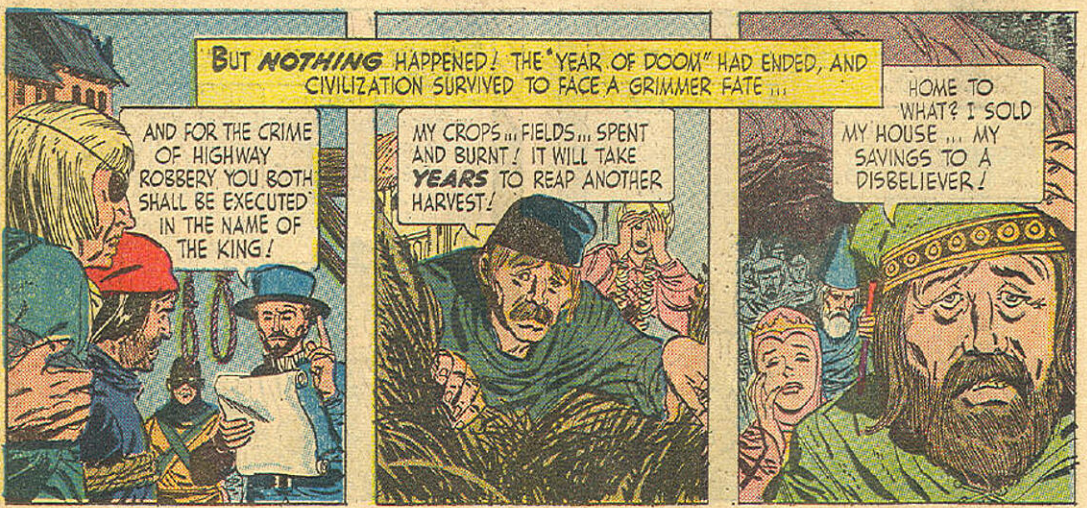
AND AS THE MONTHS PASSED, MAN'S INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL WANED...
TO THE FIELDS, YOU FOOLS! THERE ARE CROPS TO HARVEST... MOUTHS TO FEED!
NONSENSE, DEAR WIFE! THERE IS NO FUTURE TO WORK FOR, NOW!

THE GREAT MONARCHIES WERE ALSO GRIPPED IN FEAR...
HEED MY WORDS -- WALL UP THE WINDOWS AND DOORS! WHEN THE CATASTROPHE STRIKES I SHALL SURVIVE IN THE SAFETY OF MY PALACE!

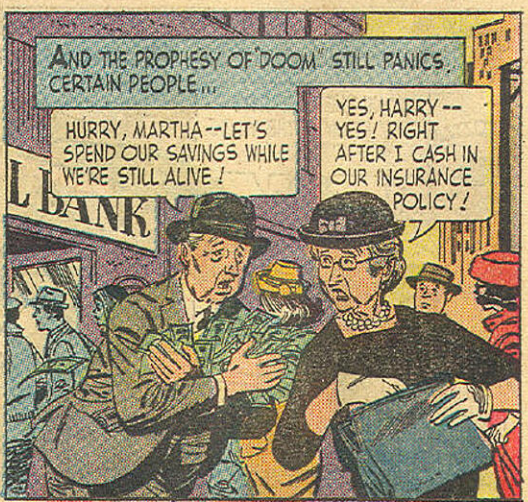

"DISBELIEVERS" MET GRIM FATES...
STONE THEM BEFORE THEY POISON THE MINDS OF OTHERS!
DEATH TO THE DISBELIEVERS!

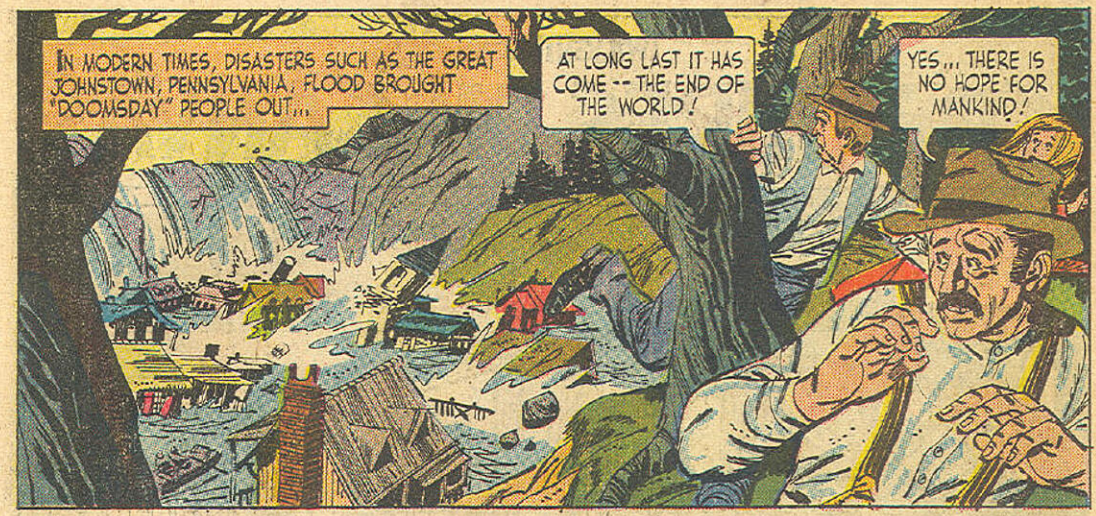
AND AS THE "DOOM" YEAR APPROACHED...
THE TIME IS NEARLY UPON US! THE RISING SUN WILL SEE THE YEAR OF DOOM!
PERHAPS THERE WILL BE SAFETY HERE... IN THE GREAT CAVERN! IT IS OUR ONLY HOPE!

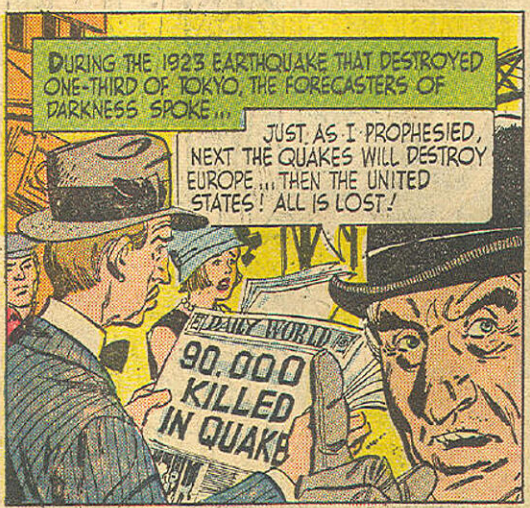
THE FIRST DAY CAME AND PASSED! AND AS THE WEEKS LAPSED INTO MONTHS...
NOTHING HAS HAPPENED! PERHAPS... PERHAPS WE WILL SURVIVE!
IDIOT! OUR FATE IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS! NOTHING CAN SAVE US!

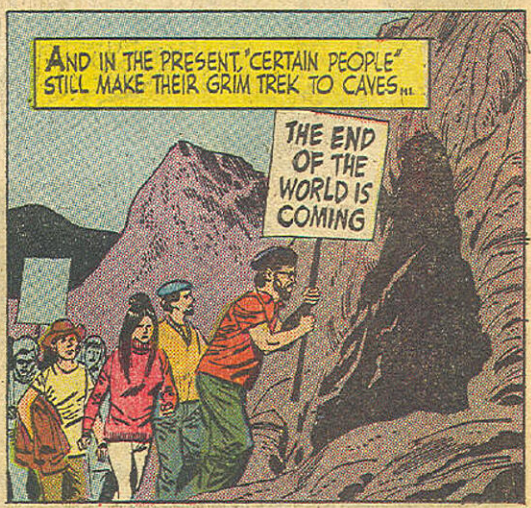

BUT NOTHING HAPPENED! THE "YEAR OF DOOM" HAD ENDED, AND CIVILIZATION SURVIVED TO FACE A GRIMMER FATE...
AND FOR THE CRIME OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY YOU BOTH SHALL BE EXECUTED IN THE NAME OF THE KING!
MY CROPS... FIELDS... SPENT AND BURNT! IT WILL TAKE YEARS TO REAP ANOTHER HARVEST!
HOME TO WHAT? I SOLD MY HOUSE... MY SAVINGS TO A DISBELIEVER!

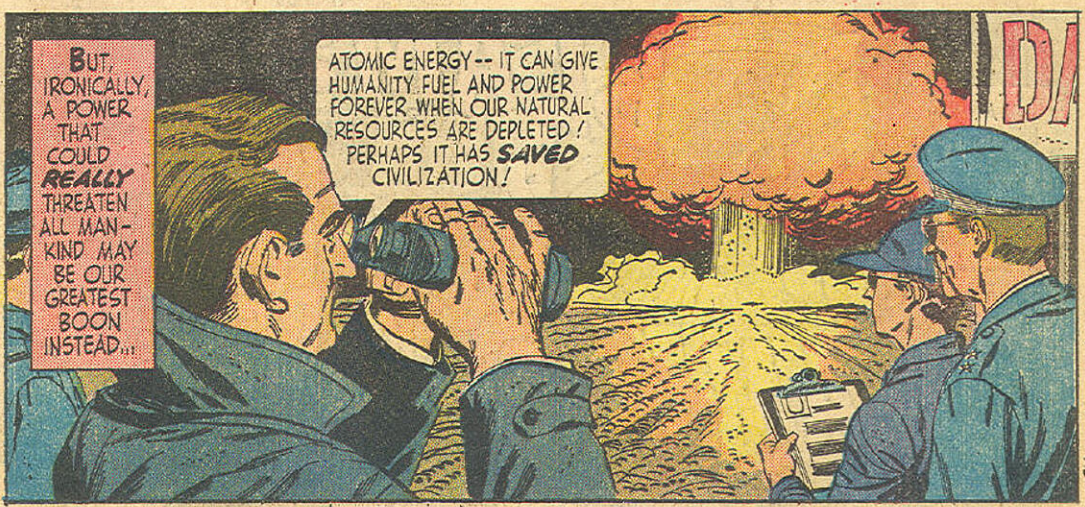
ANCIENT SUPERSTITION, YOU SAY? DARK AGE HYPOCRISY? BUT PRESENT-DAY FACTS CONTRADICT SUCH REASONING...
THIS IS IT--THE WORLD WILL END TOMORROW! MAKE ARRANGEMENTS... THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!
BEWARE BROTHER the END is near!


AND THE PROPHESY OF "DOOM" STILL PANICS CERTAIN PEOPLE...
HURRY, MARTHA--LET'S SPEND OUR SAVINGS WHILE WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
YES, HARRY--YES! RIGHT AFTER I CASH IN OUR INSURANCE POLICY!
BANK


IN MODERN TIMES, DISASTERS SUCH AS THE GREAT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, FLOOD BROUGHT "DOOMSDAY" PEOPLE OUT...
AT LONG LAST IT HAS COME -- THE END OF THE WORLD!
YES... THERE IS NO HOPE FOR MANKIND!

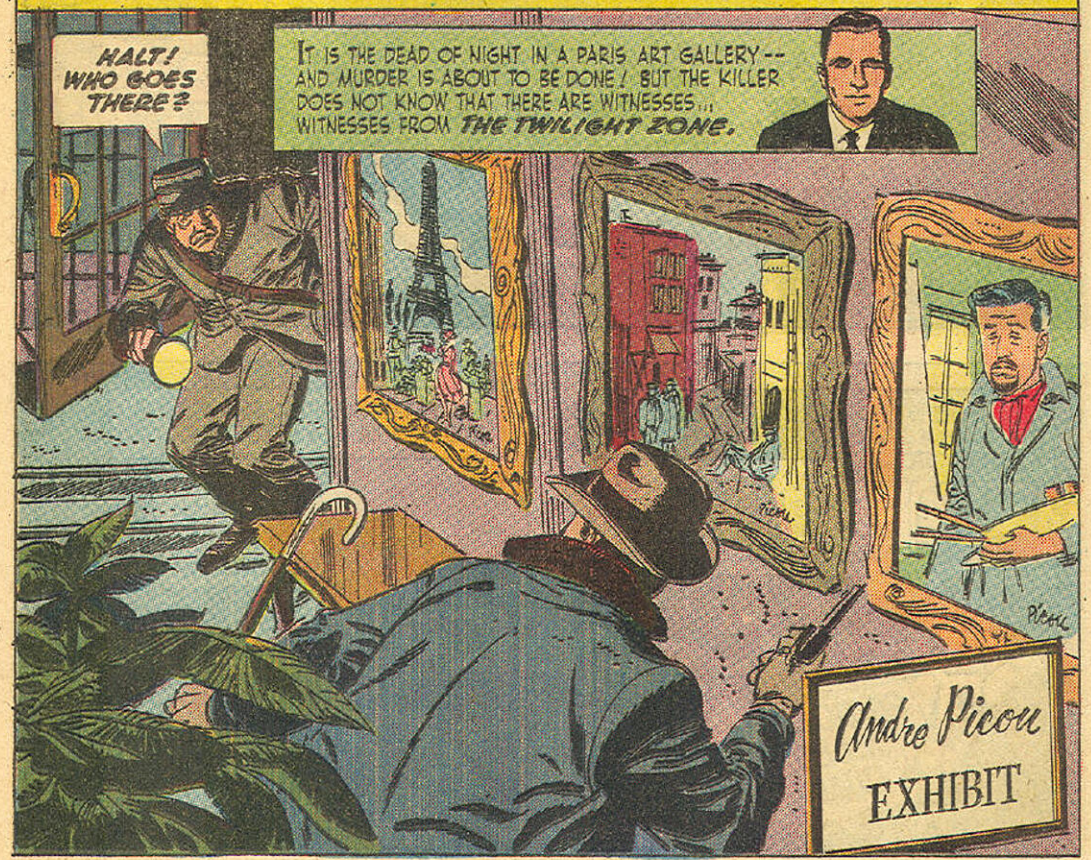

DURING THE 1923 EARTHQUAKE THAT DESTROYED ONE-THIRD OF TOKYO, THE FORECASTERS OF DARKNESS SPOKE...
JUST AS I PROPHESIED, NEXT THE QUAKES WILL DESTROY EUROPE... THEN THE UNITED STATES! ALL IS LOST!
DAILY WORLD
90,000 KILLED IN QUAKE

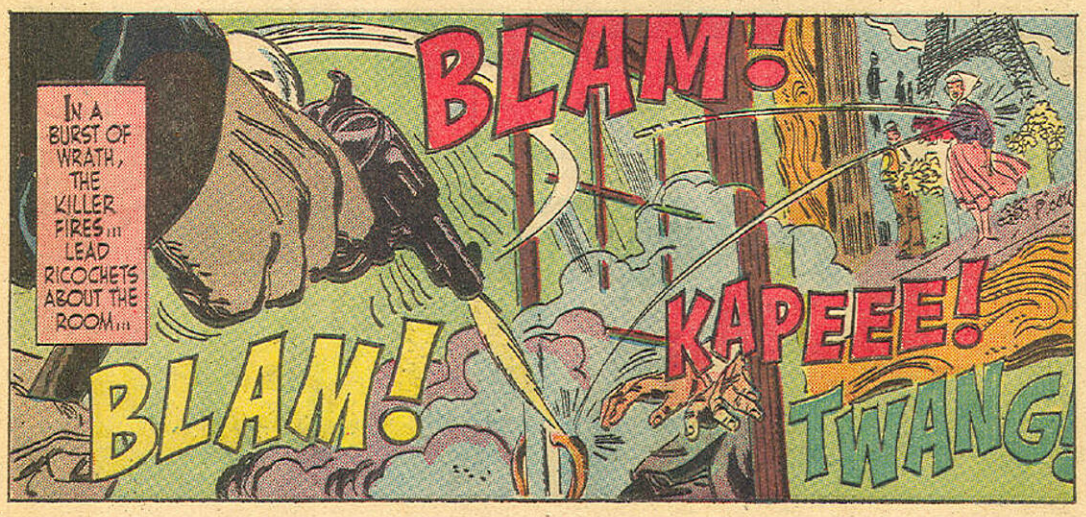

AND IN THE PRESENT, "CERTAIN PEOPLE" STILL MAKE THEIR GRIM TREK TO CAVES...
THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING


BUT, IRONICALLY, A POWER THAT COULD REALLY THREATEN ALL MANKIND MAY BE OUR GREATEST BOON INSTEAD...
ATOMIC ENERGY -- IT CAN GIVE HUMANITY FUEL AND POWER FOREVER WHEN OUR NATURAL RESOURCES ARE DEPLETED! PERHAPS IT HAS SAVED CIVILIZATION!

TWILIGHT ZONE

CREATURES ON CANVAS


HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
IT IS THE DEAD OF NIGHT IN A PARIS ART GALLERY -- AND MURDER IS ABOUT TO BE DONE! BUT THE KILLER DOES NOT KNOW THAT THERE ARE WITNESSES... WITNESSES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
Andre Picou
EXHIBIT



IT IS NEARLY DAWN WHEN ARTIST ANDRE PICOU RECEIVES THE NEWS...
THERE HAS BEEN A DEATH — AND ONE OF MY PICTURES STOLEN! YES, YES... I WILL COME TO THE GALLERY AT ONCE!

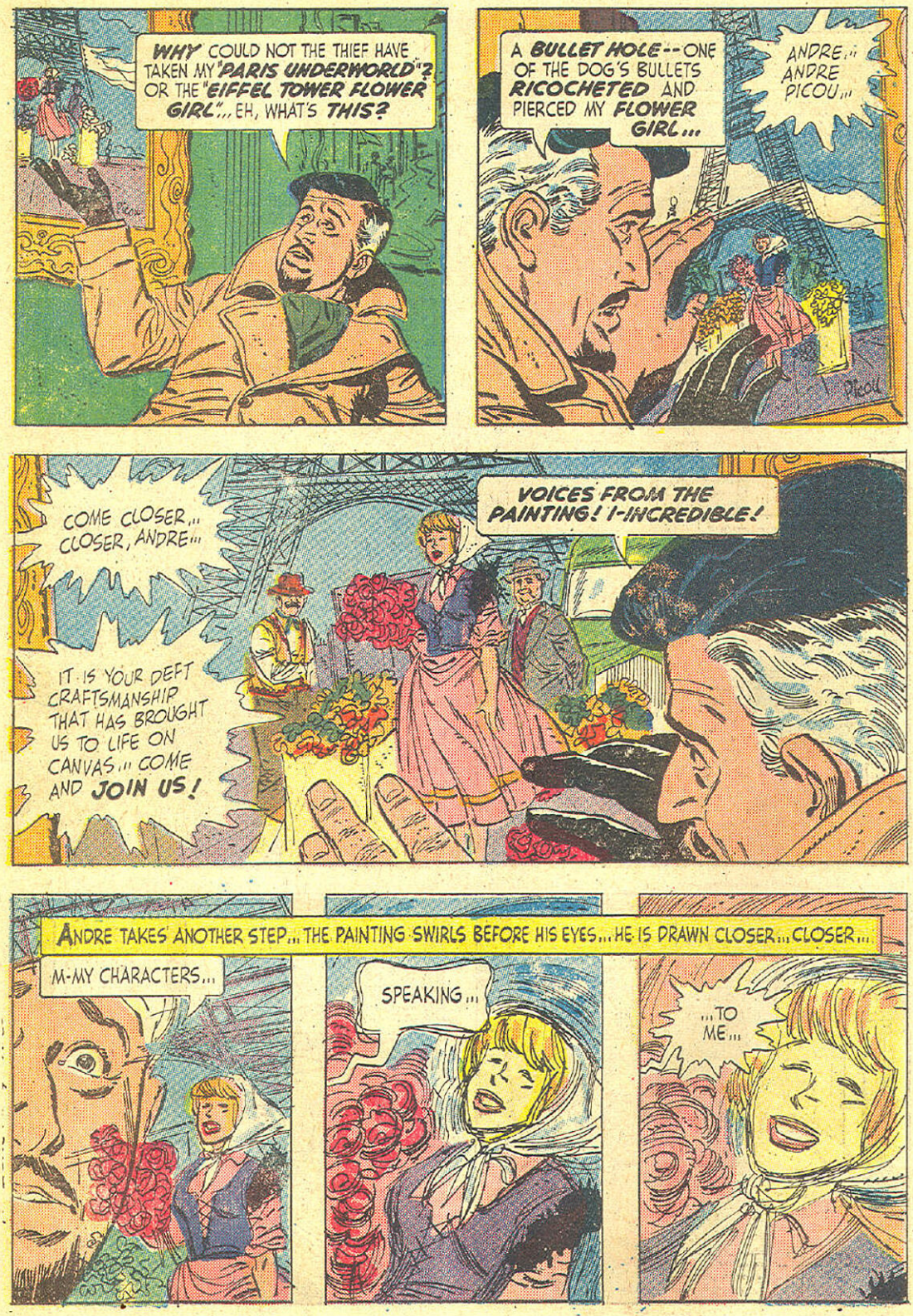
I PRAY THAT IT WAS NOT MY TREASURE THAT WAS TAKEN -- MY MASTERPIECE! NO, NO! THAT WOULD BE TOO CRUEL!

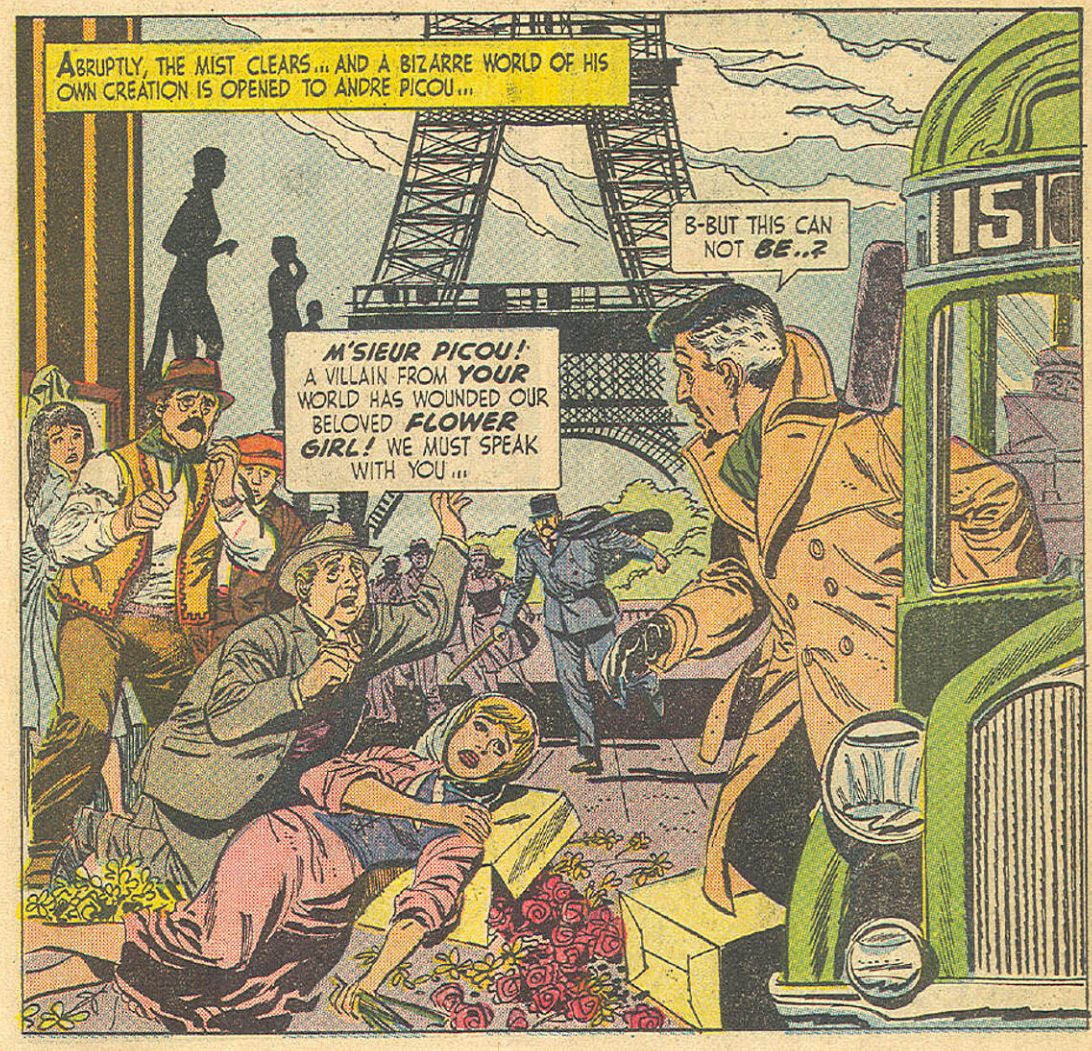
BUT SHORTLY...
SACRE! THE SWINE HAS ROBBED ME OF MY VERY SOUL!
COMPOSE YOURSELF, DEAR FRIEND!
PARIS AT SUNSET

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, JACQUES! THAT PICTURE WAS PART OF ME... THE LAST I PAINTED BEFORE THE AUTO ACCIDENT ROBBED ME OF MY HAND!

NOW ALL OF YOU PLEASE GO! I... WISH TO BE ALONE AMONG MY WORKS... FOR A WHILE!
CERTAINLY, M'SIEUR PICOU -- WE WILL CONTACT YOU LATER!

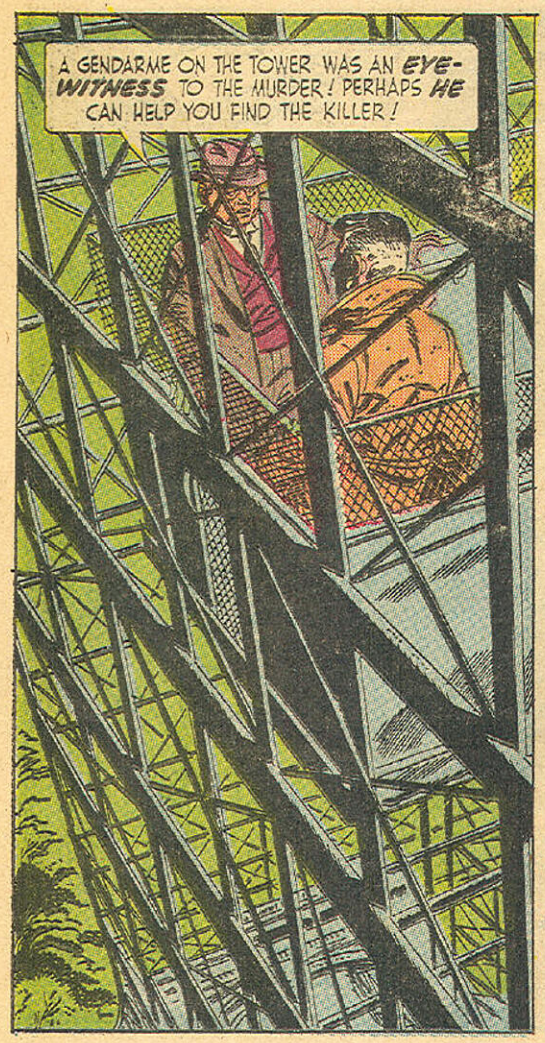
SUCH A PITY -- THE HAND THAT COULD PAINT LIFE INTO HIS SUBJECTS IS NOW DEAD FOREVER! YOUR FRIEND IS A GENIUS, M'SIEUR DUVAL!
INDEED... INDEED YOU ARE RIGHT, CAPTAIN!

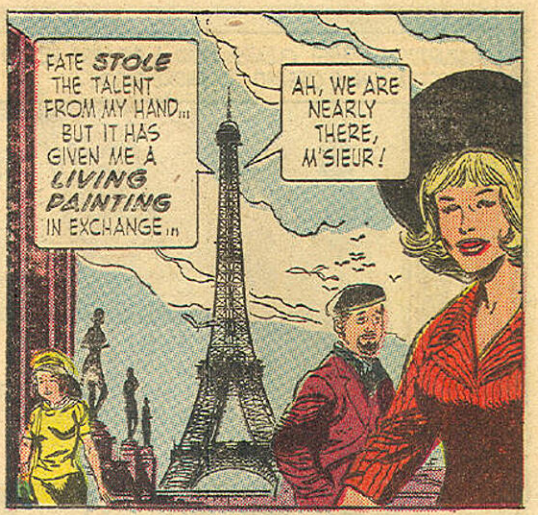

WHY COULD NOT THE THIEF HAVE TAKEN MY "PARIS UNDERWORLD"? OR THE "EIFFEL TOWER FLOWER GIRL"... EH, WHAT'S THIS?
A BULLET HOLE--ONE OF THE DOG'S BULLETS RICOCHETED AND PIERCED MY FLOWER GIRL...
ANDRE... ANDRE PICOU...
COME CLOSER... CLOSER, ANDRE...
VOICES FROM THE PAINTING! I-INCREDIBLE!
IT IS YOUR DEFT CRAFTSMANSHIP THAT HAS BROUGHT US TO LIFE ON CANVAS... COME AND JOIN US!
ANDRE TAKES ANOTHER STEP... THE PAINTING SWIRLS BEFORE HIS EYES... HE IS DRAWN CLOSER... CLOSER...
M-MY CHARACTERS...
SPEAKING...
...TO ME...


ABRUPTLY, THE MIST CLEARS... AND A BIZARRE WORLD OF HIS OWN CREATION IS OPENED TO ANDRE PICOU...
B-BUT THIS CAN NOT BE..?
M'SIEUR PICOU! A VILLAIN FROM YOUR WORLD HAS WOUNDED OUR BELOVED FLOWER GIRL! WE MUST SPEAK WITH YOU...
15

DO NOT FEAR, ANDRE! YOU, AS OUR CREATOR, ARE THE ONLY MORTAL PRIVILEGED TO JOIN US...
PLEASE... YOU MUST EXPLAIN BEFORE I TAKE LEAVE OF MY SENSES!

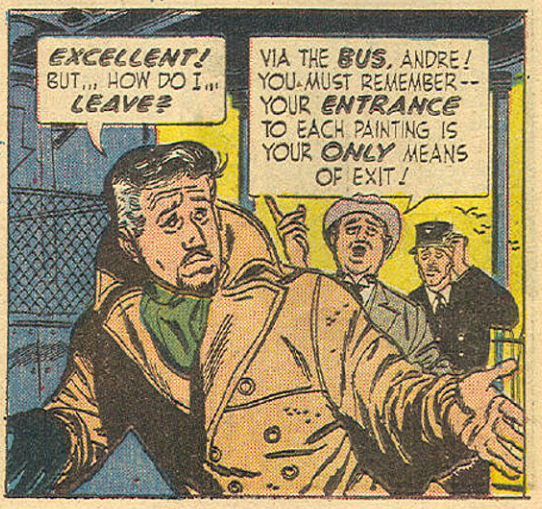
IT IS SIMPLE! YOUR STROKES OF GENIUS WITH THE BRUSH GAVE US LIFE--EVEN AS YOU LIVE IN YOUR WORLD OUTSIDE! COME...


A GENDARME ON THE TOWER WAS AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE MURDER! PERHAPS HE CAN HELP YOU FIND THE KILLER!


FATE STOLE THE TALENT FROM MY HAND... BUT IT HAS GIVEN ME A LIVING PAINTING IN EXCHANGE...
AH, WE ARE NEARLY THERE, M'SIEUR!

THEN...
OUI, I SAW THE CULPRIT AS I STOOD WHERE YOU PAINTED ME--ZE SMALL FIGURE HERE ON ZE TOWER! BUT, ALAS, THE SHADOWS HID HIS FACE!

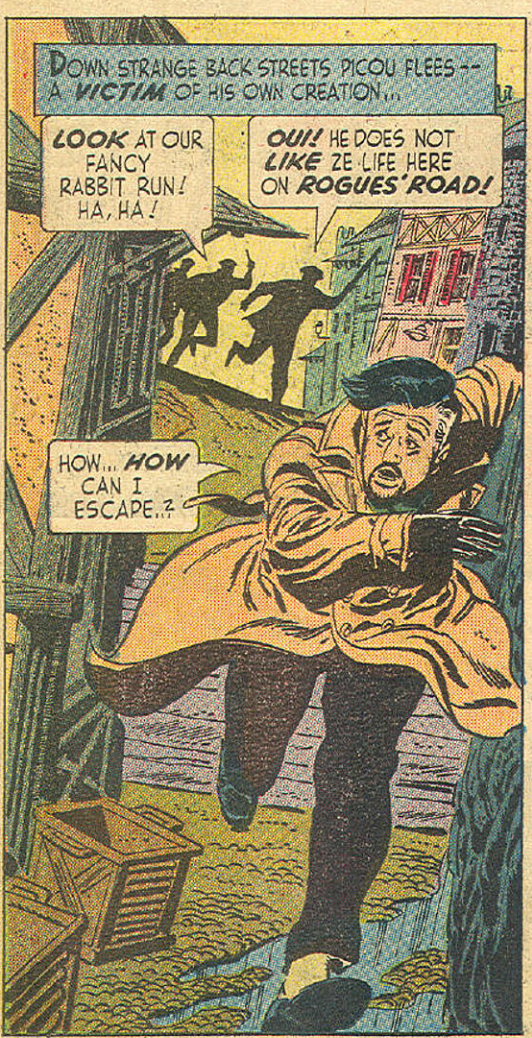
I KNOW ONLY THAT HE WAS A BIG MAN--WITH A FUR COLLAR ON HIS COAT AND A SILVER-HANDLED CANE!
SACRE BLEU! BUT WAIT, PERHAPS ONE OF THE FIGURES IN YOUR OTHER PAINTINGS GOT A BETTER VIEW, M'SIEUR PICOU..?

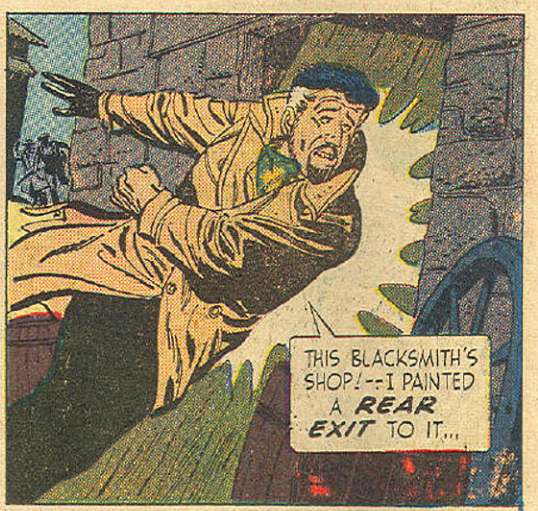

EXCELLENT! BUT... HOW DO I... LEAVE?
VIA THE BUS, ANDRE! YOU MUST REMEMBER--YOUR ENTRANCE TO EACH PAINTING IS YOUR ONLY MEANS OF EXIT!

AND AS ANDRE PICOU ENTERS THE BUS...
E-EVERYTHING IS SWIRLING ABOUT AGAIN... AS IT DID BEFORE...
UNTIL...
I-I AM IN THE GALLERY AGAIN... THERE... MY "PARIS UNDERWORLD"! IT IS HUNG DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE DEATH SCENE!
ONCE AGAIN THE ARTIST APPROACHES HIS CANVAS, AND...
I-IT IS HAPPENING AGAIN...
TH-THE COLORS ARE SWIRLING... I AM BEING DRAWN IN...
METRO
METRO
MET
M-MY CHARACTERS HERE MUST ALSO FEEL SYMPATHY FOR THE FLOWER GIRL...
BUT AS THE FRANTIC PICOU BURSTS INTO HIS "PARIS UNDERWORLD"...
MY FRIENDS -- I, YOUR CREATOR, COME ABOUT THE FLOWER GIRL! WHO SAW HER SHOT? -- CAN ONE OF YOU IDENTIFY THE KILLER OF THE GALLERY GUARD? WH-WHY... WHAT IS WRONG?

YOU FOOL, PICOU--DID YOU THINK WE WOULD TURN IN ONE OF OUR OWN? HA, HA! SHOULD WE HELP THE MAN WHO MADE US THE SCUM OF ROGUES' ROAD?

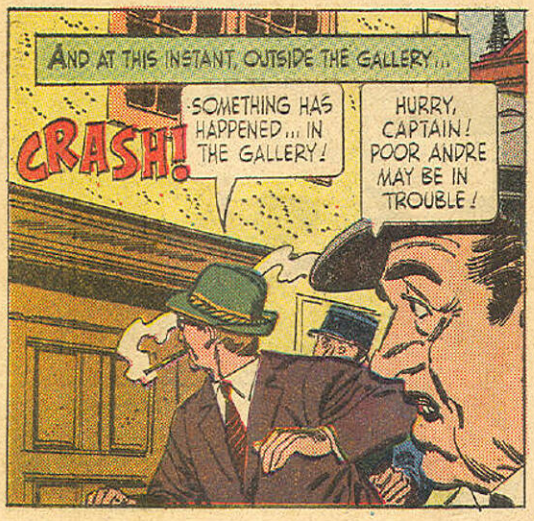
NO, WAIT--I ONLY PORTRAYED YOU AS YOU ARE!
SEIZE HIM! THE GREAT ANDRE PICOU CAN LIVE HIS DAYS OUT WITH THE RABBLE HE CREATED!!


DOWN STRANGE BACK STREETS PICOU FLEES--A VICTIM OF HIS OWN CREATION...
LOOK AT OUR FANCY RABBIT RUN! HA, HA!
OUI! HE DOES NOT LIKE ZE LIFE HERE ON ROGUES' ROAD!
HOW... HOW CAN I ESCAPE..?


THIS BLACKSMITH'S SHOP!--I PAINTED A REAR EXIT TO IT...

B-BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE ESCAPE, THE EIFFEL TOWER GENTLEMAN TOLD ME--THE SAME WAY I CAME IN...
GET BACK, YOU RABBLE!

THE METRO ENTRANCE-- I MUST DOUBLE BACK TO IT!
BUT THE HORDE IS TOO FLEET.. GRIMY HANDS CLUTCH AT THE ARTIST...
METRO
LET ME... GO... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... I-I MUST RETURN...
BRING HIM DOWN-- THE FANCY ONE HAS NO WEAPON!
THEN...
M-MY ARTIFICIAL METAL HAND...
ABRUPTLY, THE HAND THAT WAS A HANDICAP BECOMES A BLESSING AS...
SACRE! HEES FIST EES LIKE ZE STEEL CLUB!
AND FINALLY...
TH-THE METRO--G-GOT TO MAKE IT!
AHHHHHHH


AND AT THIS INSTANT, OUTSIDE THE GALLERY...
CRASH!
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED... IN THE GALLERY!
HURRY, CAPTAIN! POOR ANDRE MAY BE IN TROUBLE!

THE POOR MAN'S MIND-- IT MUST HAVE CRACKED FROM HIS LOSS! HE'S BEEN BATTERING HIMSELF AGAINST THE FLOOR!
HELP US TO YOUR CAR, CAPTAIN--I WILL TAKE HIM HOME WITH ME!

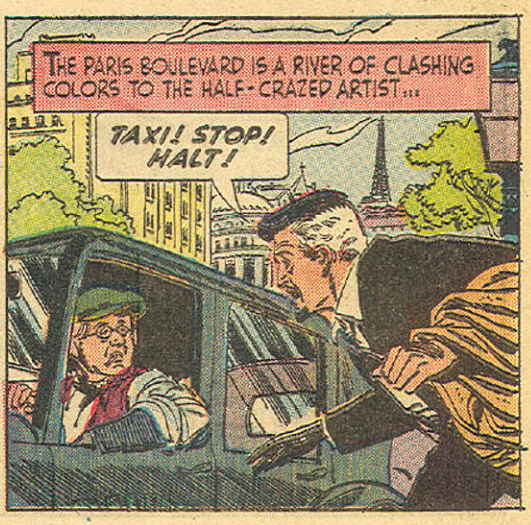
AND LATER, WHEN ANDRE PICOU HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES..
ANDRE, YOU MUST CONTROL YOURSELF! OF COURSE "PARIS AT SUNSET" WAS WORTH A FORTUNE... BUT ITS LOSS IS NOT WORTH YOUR LIFE!
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND... IT WAS MY LAST WORK... I CAN NEVER PAINT ANOTHER...

REST, MY FRIEND... I SHALL MAKE US SOME COFFEE
IF I TELL HIM I ENTERED MY OWN PAINTINGS HE WILL THINK ME... MAD!

AND PERHAPS I AM MAD!-- STILL, IT WAS SO VERY REAL-- PERHAPS SUCH THINGS CAN HAPPEN! IF ONLY... ONLY I COULD REACH SOMEONE IN THE PAINTINGS WHO WOULD REVEAL THE KILLER..?

OF COURSE! WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN--THERE IS ONE PERSON WHO WILL TELL ME-- WHO MUST TELL ME!

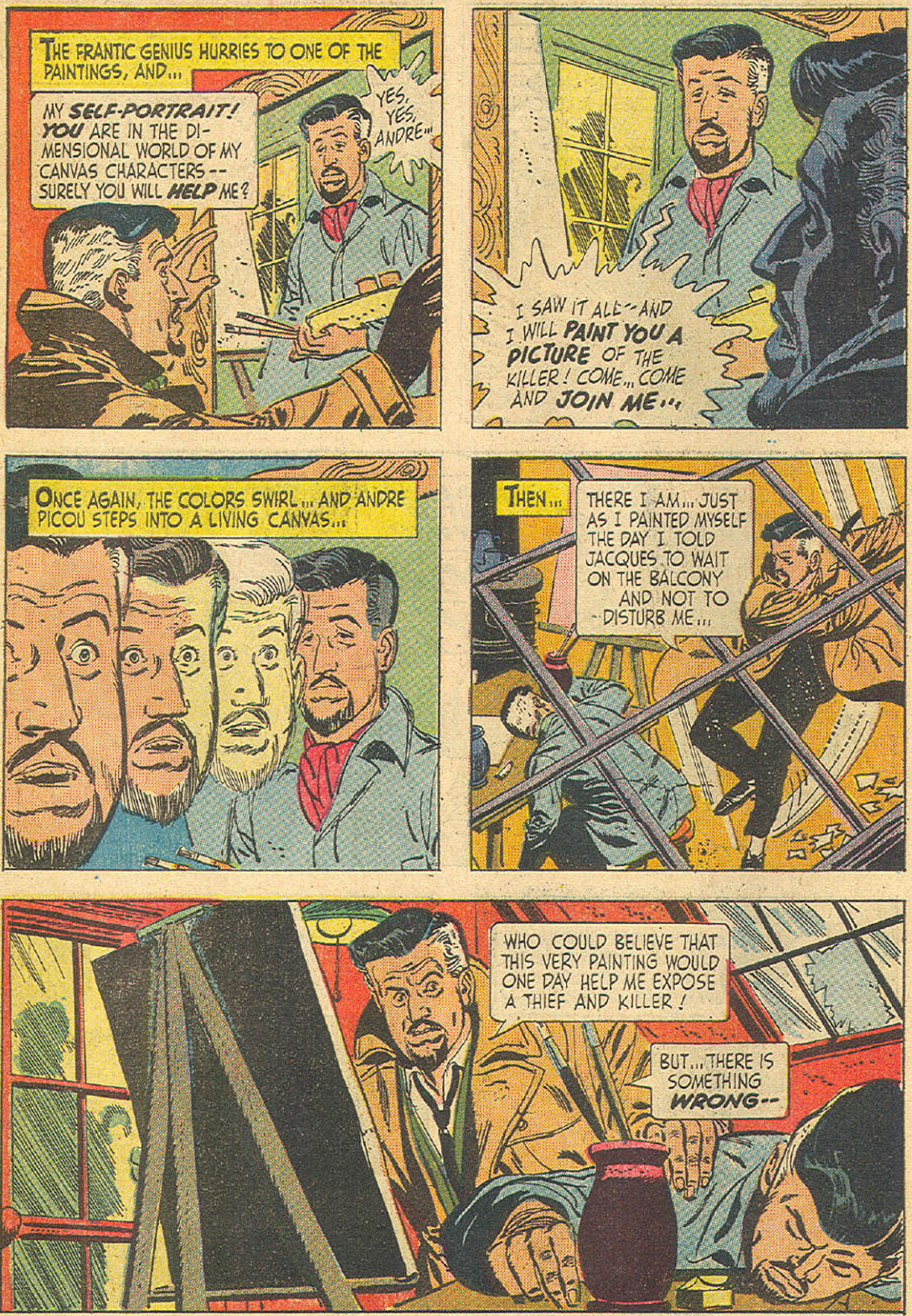
LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, PICOU RACES TOWARD HIS DESTINY...
ANDRE! YOU MUST NOT GO--YOU ARE ILL!
FORGIVE ME, FRIEND JACQUES--BUT I CAN NOT LISTEN TO YOUR KIND WARNINGS NOW!


THE PARIS BOULEVARD IS A RIVER OF CLASHING COLORS TO THE HALF-CRAZED ARTIST...
TAXI! STOP! HALT!

AND AT THE GALLERY...
STEP ASIDE! OUT OF MY WAY!
IT IS ANDRE PICOU! HE HAS GONE MAD!

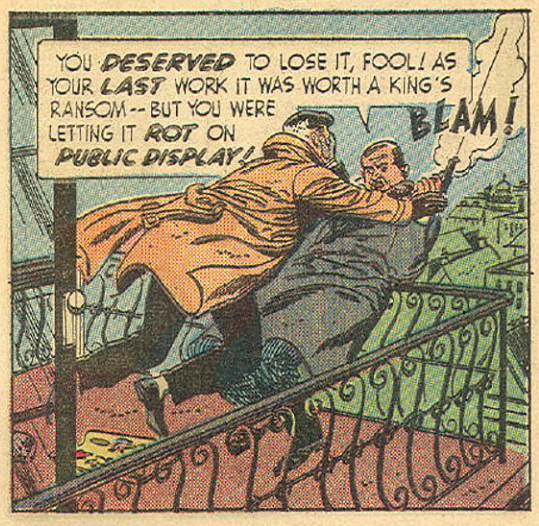
OUT--EVERYBODY OUT! CLEAR THE GALLERY! I MUST BE ALONE WITH MY PAINTINGS!

NOW... NOW I SHALL SOON HAVE THE ANSWER--THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHO STOLE MY LAST LOVE!
SNAP!

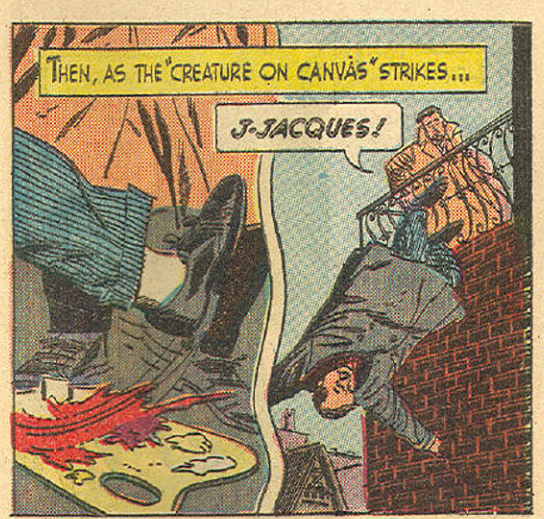

THE FRANTIC GENIUS HURRIES TO ONE OF THE PAINTINGS, AND...
MY SELF-PORTRAIT! YOU ARE IN THE DI-MENSIONAL WORLD OF MY CANVAS CHARACTERS -- SURELY YOU WILL HELP ME?
YES, YES, ANDRE...
I SAW IT ALL -- AND I WILL PAINT YOU A PICTURE OF THE KILLER! COME... COME AND JOIN ME...
ONCE AGAIN, THE COLORS SWIRL... AND ANDRE PICOU STEPS INTO A LIVING CANVAS...
THEN...
THERE I AM... JUST AS I PAINTED MYSELF THE DAY I TOLD JACQUES TO WAIT ON THE BALCONY AND NOT TO DISTURB ME...
WHO COULD BELIEVE THAT THIS VERY PAINTING WOULD ONE DAY HELP ME EXPOSE A THIEF AND KILLER!
BUT... THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG--

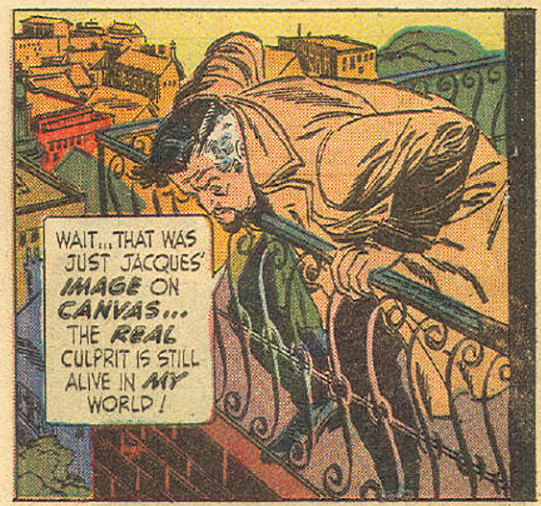
HE'S DEAD... I'M DEAD... SOMEBODY HAS SHOT MY CANVAS CHARACTER! BUT WHO... WHY?
THEN...
WAIT... H-HE HAD TIME TO DO A SKETCH! THIS IS THE MAN WHO STOLE MY PAINTING!
THEN, AS PICOU'S TREMBLING HANDS CLUTCH THE SKETCH...
IT IS NOT COMPLETE-- H-HE DID NOT HAVE TIME TO FINISH IT! THOSE FEATURES... THEY LOOK LIKE... BUT NO, IT COULD NOT BE!
I HAVE LOST AGAIN... DUVAL... HE WAS WAITING ON THE BALCONY! HE COULD NOT HAVE SEEN THE CRIME FROM THERE... BUT... I SHALL ASK HIM!
AH, ANDRE--YOU VISIT US FROM THE WORLD BEYOND OUR CANVAS!
STRANGE, MY IMAGE IN OILS DID NOT MENTION I WAS ABOUT TO "PASS THROUGH"? DID YOU NOT KNOW HE WAS DEAD, JACQUES?

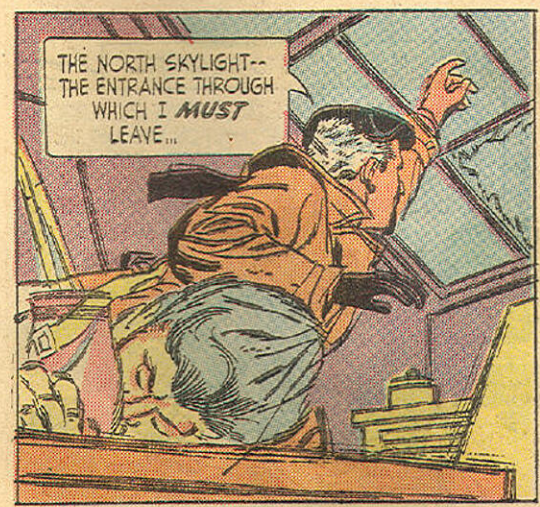
DEAD! SURELY, YOU ARE JOKING, ANDRE!
A BULLET IN THE BACK IS NO JOKE, MY FRIEND!
IT IS A PITY--BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER, ANDRE, WE TOO HAVE EVIL PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD OF OURS!
YES... INDEED!
AND DO THEY ALL CARRY SILVER-HANDLED CANES AND WEAR FUR COLLARS... KILLER DUVAL?
ANDRE--HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO IS MAD, "FRIEND"! YOU WORE THOSE CLOTHES WHEN I PAINTED MY SELF-PORTRAIT--THE VERY APPAREL THE GENDARME ATOP THE EIFFEL TOWER IDENTIFIED!
STAND BACK, PICOU!
WITH A BURST OF RAGE, ANDRE PICOU CHARGES HIS BETRAYER...
SWINE! YOU STOLE MY GREATEST ARTISTIC LOVE FOR THE EVIL GAINS IT WOULD BRING!

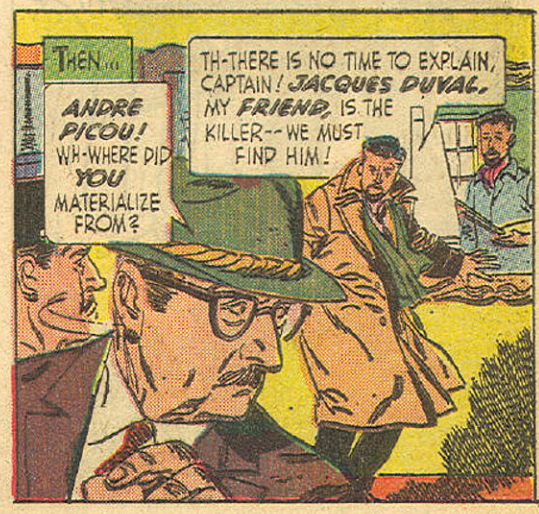

YOU DESERVED TO LOSE IT, FOOL! AS YOUR LAST WORK IT WAS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM--BUT YOU WERE LETTING IT ROT ON PUBLIC DISPLAY!
BLAM!

H-HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND? ...THINKING YOU A FRIEND!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A FOOL, PICOU--WE SHALL SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN DEATH IS DONE TO YOU IN THIS DIMENSIONAL WORLD!


THEN, AS THE "CREATURE ON CANVAS" STRIKES...
J-JACQUES!

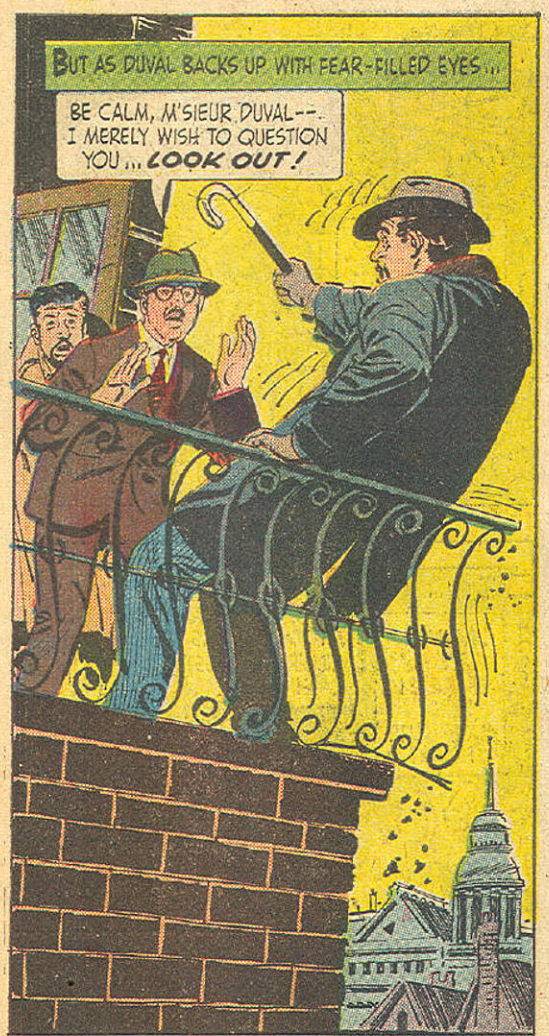

WAIT...THAT WAS JUST JACQUES' IMAGE ON CANVAS... THE REAL CULPRIT IS STILL ALIVE IN MY WORLD!

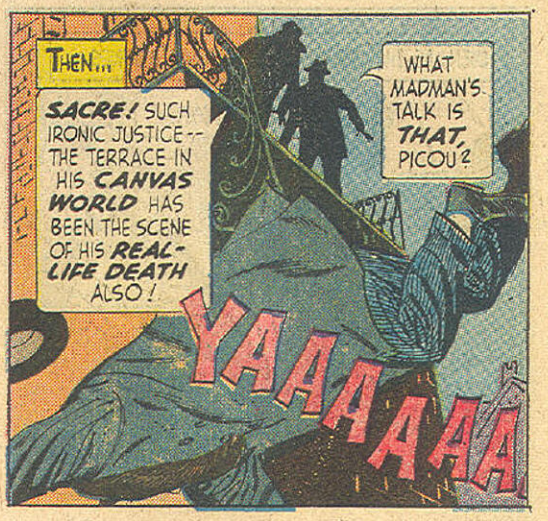

THE NORTH SKYLIGHT--THE ENTRANCE THROUGH WHICH I MUST LEAVE...


THEN...
ANDRE PICOU! WH-WHERE DID YOU MATERIALIZE FROM?
TH-THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, CAPTAIN! JACQUES DUVAL, MY FRIEND, IS THE KILLER--WE MUST FIND HIM!

HALF WILD WITH RAGE, THE ARTIST RACES TO DUVAL'S HOME...
GONE! THE SWINE MUST BE AT MY STUDIO... SEEKING ME!
CONTROL YOURSELF, M'SIEUR PICOU--REMEMBER, YOU HAVE GIVEN US NO REAL EVIDENCE OF DUVAL'S GUILT!

AND AT PICOU'S STUDIO...
SPEAK UP, BETRAYER--YOU ARE THE THIEF AND KILLER! WHERE IS MY PAINTING?
C-CAPTAIN... HE IS SICK... HIS MIND IS TWISTED! D-DO SOMETHING!


BUT AS DUVAL BACKS UP WITH FEAR-FILLED EYES...
BE CALM, M'SIEUR DUVAL--I MERELY WISH TO QUESTION YOU... LOOK OUT!


THEN...
SACRE! SUCH IRONIC JUSTICE--THE TERRACE IN HIS CANVAS WORLD HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF HIS REAL-LIFE DEATH ALSO!
WHAT MADMAN'S TALK IS THAT, PICOU?
YAAAAAA

AND AS THE PAIR HURRY TO THE STREET...
YOUR PAINTING... IT IS UNDER MY SITTING ROOM RUG... BUT... HOW DID YOU KNOW, ANDRE?
AH, JACQUES, THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION YOU AND THE CAPTAIN WOULD NEVER BELIEVE! INDEED, I SCARCELY DARE BELIEVE IT MYSELF!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

TREES

NUMBER 15

SOUTHERN WHITE OAKS

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

Found throughout the Southeast, Post Oak is a smaller variety with oblong leaves that grow in clusters at the ends of the branches.

A less common Southeastern Oak is Overcup Oak, which grows in bottomlands and wet soil. Fall colors vary from yellow to red.

One of the few evergreen Oaks is Live Oak, an old symbol of the South. The small acorns are edible. The leaves are leathery.

The holly-like leaves of California Live Oak are also evergreen. This Southwestern variety is also known as Coast Live Oak.

Common to high, dry places in Southern Rockies is Gambel Oak, a shrub or small tree. Gambel thickets shelter the wildlife.

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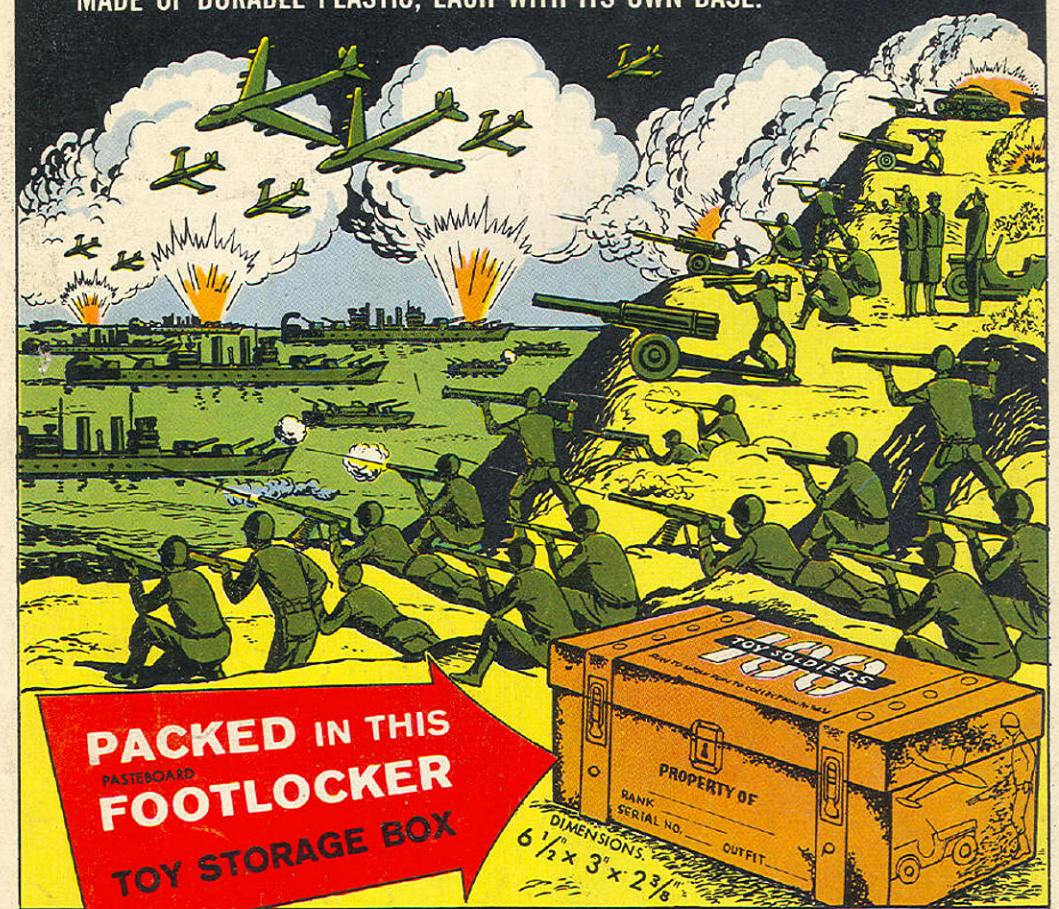

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an imaginary war scene shown above

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4 Jeeps	8 Sharpshooters	4 Trucks
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4 Cruisers	8 Officers	8 Cannon
4 Sailors	8 Waves	4 Bazookamen
4 Riflemen	8 Wacs	4 Marksmen

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